

i die in a vulgar style, by the grace of god

dimitri karakostas

the greatest art is to endure

20 ways to feel better

like something you said
to someone with a cold

or the flu

24 hour
non-stop
commodifiable
people

nous nous devons à la mort
we owe ourselves to death

'a stupid person'

my problem is that i put class war before the other concerns.

working class theatre
dressing down
co-opting vintage

even bars are ruined

i'm not describing gentrification

ataraxia,
the absence of trouble

the urge to run away to the east coast and live a 'simple life'
is as strong as the desire to stay here

various forms of fate, i'm saying

my image must persist

by using an abstraction
to hide the motive

a commune of books and house records

efficacy,
memory

freedom isn't free,
they tell me

the tendency towards the total artwork

as beautiful as ever

utopia,
meaning 'no-place'

doing nothing detox

cynical obsessions

your
windowsill-gazing
flower-pot
poetry

as virtue

the algorithm
in today's terms

something vulgar

i cannot stop the machine

so,
instead,
i buy nikes
and complain

'the greatest art is to endure'

epistaxis,
a nose bleed

arguing the scale and
the necessity of change

'small is beautiful,'
allegedly

with a massive pool of resources

working together
as an unbalanced equation
because there is no
equal work

and again, i find myself crushed on paper.

parapraxis
a slip of the tongue

worth looking into

no, i'd rather not
i would prefer not to

a letter from you, to me:
sucking tears
always sucking tears

"if i cannot say
'i love you,'
i am lost."

not getting by
not getting by

repetitive stress injury
time well spent

nostalgia,
memory

noticing
grass,
trees,
water ripples

because i'm forced to

however

mythify everything
you put on paper

you write the world different
when you're in love

this,
the original
nude-descending-a-staircase

"i'm really about to explode,
would you just listen to me
for two minutes?!"

now i am aware
of my speech patterns

summarizing chaos as intimacy
as i drift into a perfect sleep

detached from the subject of control

i think that my next life will be quiet
it will be quiet in my next life

if only there was a way
to capitalize on my
psychic misery
as a series of cumulative achievements

i realize i'm always me

i'm me,
warped in a carnival mirror
me, staring at myself in a front-facing camera
trying to make myself look appealing

less like myself

i guess you call this love,
i call it service

eating as become little more than utility -
there is nothing I crave

i was listening to quiet music
in my private time

i was thinking of the end of the world

things i like doing
and things i feel guilty about

walking
buying books and records
things that would keep me home despite the fact that i don't care much for
being home

how bad am i at killing myself

i love walking but it feels like a waste of time

i guess i'm glad i don't own anything valuable
to anybody but me

i'm on a mission

without time
or space

i am governed by
specific sexual urges

in complete disregard
for tradition
my heart beats continually
while you sleep

if i find myself sitting idle

i'm probably staring at my phone

ambient lights out

as the situation crumbles
in a familiar bar

it has to have a plot
first person plural

mystical tendencies

repeating:
freedom,
blue,
repulsion

taking pleasure in everything
imperfect incompletely transformed

the artist was too busy making money to comment

a self-help book

the obsessive ideal

intersecting at miraculous
and undocumented fields

i die in a vulgar style

"by the grace of god"

i don't dream
i fall asleep and wake up five hours later
i have reoccurring nightmares
i wake up yelping

some nights i feel the bad dream before i fall asleep
a hazy feeling and 'i just know'

i generally welcome these night terrors
as unsettling as they may be in the moment

they work me up in way that nothing else does

these days, most days
i'm content to never leave the bunker

i've lost most of my id and i never carry a wallet

i don't believe in voting
but i still check the polling numbers with a sense of excitement
i said "all votes are a vote for cops"

life is just funny that way

game 3, okc vs trailblazers
where i wasn't invested in either team
but i loved watching quad overtime

the real is now so unreal

everything happens for a moment
and is moved away with ease

we tessellate into a new concern
leaving the previous form
resting behind

a piece behind glass
in an art gallery
funny, that way

i say yes
but i mean nothing i say

beginning with disappointment
beginning misspelled begging

my ancestry
organized service

starting at the sky
starting at the sand

i don't look like myself
i need to get skinny

staring at the sky
staring at the sun

anxiety, vertigo, dizziness

does this warrant or justify a reading?

after all, if i don't like anything
i won't like this

it is, however
important to not
surrender too quickly

i'm being contradictory
because i'm unsure

symptomatic of something else

the millennium bug
passing into the future

saturday, 2:45pm
nothing of importance

autonomy, anhedonia

an exclusively online
socialist utopia
asleep above the blankets
with the heat on

never loved
blue eyes
of blonde hair
this so-far
ever lasting stage

similar to the last
tour de something-something
something on tv

no-new sensation

i've already felt everything
but you know what i think

all blondes are sunset drawn

a seven or eight
in a smaller city

fox
in all quaking magic
or song
slips from bed 7'oclocked
front-door open
out-stepping

first week in
springtime heat
shirtsleeves in sunshine
agreed
making bike rides
a little longer

for when
fox
does the sun stop
exciting you
so quick to change or slip
legs underneath

you're woke up
yourself
(how many) first time in 13 days
stuck in patterned known
repeat, i am
known for such opposing things
expensive jeans
clinging to rainy-day legs

the meaning is somewhere
around this

rubbed denim raw
and it's february

and it's the same
as last february

so it's cool, yeah, i mean
whatever
it's a tough situation
and i understand you're trying
to get me on a level plane
but i still feel a subtle insulting forwardness
and i understand that this whole upfront aggression
is sort-of your deal
but i guess this specific instance
is kinda rude
i think you jumped on the sly and unassuming bandwagon
a little too late

receding into fall back
every day low prices
shocked to see that there is a place for me
somewhere
in the less popular
work week

aggressive glasses guy

breath a sigh of relief with your storebought
scent still clinging to sheets

my really good move:
explain and then shoulder-bump-into
hold hands

it'll be cold soon, jackets mandatory by 9:30
no way, it's supposed to be 20 degrees tomorrow
but it's going to be cold today, i just feel it
it doesn't

staccato lip presses
kisses that go in quick and deep and turns face away quick

cut your hair and change your luck

voulpte
bad faith

phantom suggestion

i don't know the ropes

it remains severe
again intolerable
practicality

uncomfortable seating arrangement side by side
or side by across from
too close but that usually seems not too close for comfort
either lost it or never had it ever

she has the sincerity of an empty room

too much truth
after all
what pleasure can be found in repetition except
the repetition of repeating the thing itself
and then you remember why
not repeating yourself is a good thing

ah, i've gone vulgar again

no more pencil marked pockets
or ironing pants for no-one

"the love from which i suffer is a shameful disease
if not reasonably mine

the undomesticated cat in my back pocket
"i have always defended the skies of my youth"

so many silences per hour
(better to not think about it)

put on some piano music,
said no-one
ever

'you have got a lot of nerve!'

you're more remembered as photographs
(or loss)
in the many years before
fundamental no-love letters

my lecturing on the war was not well received

i don't think anybody noticed beyond me being
petrified of being alive

after hours
i can win almost any argument on leftovers
settling at the back of my fridge
seince it's how i like to think of myself
anyways
(brought home just to be
tossed away)

"i don't even want to know there were men before me"
- descartes, maybe, i don't know

watching out the window until the big boy panhandling
suddenly disappears
but to where?

tending to dry skin and trying not to repeat myself
moisturize, plagiarize

all snowballs melt before tea time
dog bites exposed calf muscles
if mentioned

i could be as jealous
as the long love later on lay down
as jealous as the days on a calendar you own
saying
you belong to the east coast this week
i'm not sure if they follow the gregorian calendar there

who could love a mussolini of the body
or a stalin of the soul
or worse
a god of your extra time

i can't guess what parts of your day are reserved
or kissed on the clock face

tough luck, they say
no exchanges
just be happy there's no spit on your life burger

i was going to write a poem about your eyebrows
but i lost my train of thought
memorizing hiroshima mon amour
double spaced pages of my love for you

my speciality:
1. not being quiet
2. needy usually
3. overworked lazy or lazy overworked
4. not sure of positively anything

i don't mean anything not memorized
no verses underlined

- moon in cancer,
moon in leo

taking viagra as an accelerationist act
since we are hysterical about the future

there is no point
in participating
because there really is
no point

repeating lines from a film
everybody knows what you're talking about

i'm learning to work faster
before i'm gone for good

working to code
meaning
there is already a system in place
and that new ideas
will be built on top of
those pre-existing

the only way to jettison oneself
from existence
is to work your way
out of it

life is just funny that way

my first poem
was me crying when i was born
and the best criticism i could receive
was the the doctor slapping me

consequence based poetry
opposing direction
as an omen

reduced to
'lie down and sleep'

cry about it

allow my future punishments
to be discreet

since we are hysterical about the future

addressing luxury
by showering twice a day

one suffers so the other can thrive

who on earth
do you think you are?

with your
late-in-life urgency
apocalypse scenarios
escapist fantasies

what are you saying
when you scream apologizes
over the phone before
hanging up

hey! attention!
i love you!

or,
well,

that's what the translation says

i put my phone
on airplane mode
because i know
it makes you mad

ride or die
being slang
for solidarity

"i think i'm losing it"
and
"i'm going to be late"

right now
to go away means
to lose all the perks
in this new territory

blue color uncertainty

it starts raining
to break up the repetition
of the day

you smell a certain way
in the morning

quiet because
i love looking at your face

it's history

"i was been," not
"i have been"

repeating the verb
of the main clause
after the
clause itself

i used to be skinny
and toned but
too soft for nudes now

out of season
ice in coffee

rose, peach tree

continued domestic functions
such as
doing the dishes
and laundry

you extremely calm
exchanging meaningful looks
in the mirror

knowing there are two single portions
of pre-mixed salad in the fridge
for before work
and after

easing your anxious conditions

editing the few
remaining facts

without independent verification

renaming the house
as the office
which doubles
as the studio
which holds a different function
than the office

it's not the work,
it's the job!

if i censor it,
the whole syntax changes!

the trail was dusty and smelled like dog

the jogger jogged and
shouldn't have been there

i don't care for nature and its messes

i return to the city and shower immediately

the love of my life
doesn't understand
why i do these things

my big lips teeth not super white at all
probably having something green in between them
plaque, yeah
whole face not-symmetrical and nose
bent from broken and some sort of
permanent black eye from no sleep
blackheads that don't leave after being squeezed
or 200\$ skin treatments on the east end
also eyebrows too thin and my moustache also

also eyebrows too thin and my moustache also
with the rest of my face hair too dark somehow
i never seem to shave enough
my hair is always stupid cut and stupid styled
almost always scowling or frowning because
that's my face when i think
i don't think about it
my glasses are smudged and bent
i don't look in the mirror
to fix them and
that's why

why what

there are 24,000 poetry awards
with annual prizes
totalling
6,788,800\$.

i can't remember the last time
i wanted to go on vacation

i said
it's frivolous
i can't relax knowing
it's a financial burden
designed by the rich
to keep us poor

and this made me stupid
and this made me difficult

i don't want to see something new
i want to make sure the rent is paid

i'm a wet blanket
but boy,
aren't you jealous that
i've dried out?

everyone is declaring bankruptcy
now that the world is ending

the future doesn't seem so fearful
knowing
there's a seven-year threshold
to pay your outstanding debts
right?

i wonder if i'm lucky
but i'm too scared to check

i google something that i can't tell you about
and i clear my history immediately

for the sake of an argument
let's call this storm 'progress'

everything sounds like broken windows
in the rain

it's hard to write with all this noise,
could you please?

a car slams on the breaks and skids
before the stoplight

just like that

there's a song i can't stand and it's stuck in my head

the flaneur and the stalker
the product of a particular time

the meeting point of a number of ideas

a tale of two cities, i'm joking
i rarely stray these days

entirely colored with occult engagement

concerned with terms and agreements

demanding opposition noticed

finding a place to begin is a problem
among problems

the present recording
an excavation of the past

as i rebrand in a popular form
demonstrating political spirit
as urgently required

allow me to start here
starting fresh

ushering in a new-age mystery

an esoteric counterbalance
throughout the landscape

a burial ground focal point

seeing angels in a tree
k-i-s-s-i-don't-know-what-that-is-supposed-to-mean

reporting back from the bounds
of everyday experience

but the dream still persists

giving myself over to more
systematic modes of thought

gin lime rocks tonic

symbolizing murder in the
public imagination

i believe in the promise
of experiences found
closer to home

sober, deliberate

against the backdrop
of actual content

should i be concerned
if i find you glowing?

if i read your name
in the pattern of every carpet?

aligning as facts
beyond coincidence

poor circulation
for secret beauty is cold feet
and hands
avoiding touch

revealing the source of my inspiration

the lure of the foreign
rendered redundant

slacker to silent poet
as constant as ever

observant in habit
and tradition

salvaging playful practice
and subverting continued pursuit

an idealized figure
in an idealized city

the color blue

a close up of a person
until they blur into
nothing familiar

the symbolism of a river
the specific methodology
of experimental behavior

dressed, rather than undressed

falling in love with the sceme of things

an erotic joy
that doesn't exist
in any french translated novel
that i'm aware of

enthusiasm manifests as alcohol
as a return to form

sweating through my
section of the bedsheets

experience revealed
in the expanse of the ruins

no reason to hurry
so i wander until i feel better

as a lover of subtleties
i'll send my regards
as a professional courtesy

if i am to focus
on something significant

the aura decays
as possibilities persist

a sequence of meaning
approaching
ritualized practice

i mean -

nothing is more beautiful
than that which
is absolutely
essential

something professional

legs in nylon
or lace

the magician maintains

the hand moves in a manner
indicating
'something is happening'

but i can not be sure what

an unconscious impulse
to cover my face

poor social conduct
derails the focus back to me
and the romance remains
discreet

the epic poem
is a boring companion
with no tactile attractiveness

demanding tragedy
sounding boring

a black screen of infinity
again
repeating

i don't want to stray
too far
from something erotic

so i will recall
one of my fantasies:

we read books and fuck on the couch
and we do this with frequency

eventually i'll die
but we'd have spent a lot of time together
and we'd both be smarter
at the end

i am not a complete person yet

appearing 'redacted' in
recent reports

reduced to eating chocolate
in the kitchen

saturated in media savvy

representing
a broad illusion of control

while you help me write
my book

that which is recorded
cascading into
awareness

"the facts"
dead or dying

describing these as "old"
that which i cannot control

trivial repeated emphasis
crushed by destiny

as it was already written

slant truth on faux punk

gauzed into emotional reserve
if i'm speaking directly

stabbing syntax because
i'm tired

or because that's
the tone of my voice

i'm too disinterested
to live like a dog
and admit it

vanishing into an office job
in telecommunications
or something

double-vision
industrial landscape
with rain on the glass

looks like it's CGI to me

you weaponize kisses

on top of everything else
you breathe hot
on my eyelids

you know how to use these tools

yielding to my
novice knowledge

you see how heavy a horse is?
from tip to toes

working backwards on a chalkboard

this works on paper, too

justice,
terror,
and
mercy

abandonment
enhances crimes
as we desire
to remain anonymous

seeking discipline
in empty gestures

pushing back with
increased resistance

the barrier being
time,
distance,
and its synonyms

'i have the proof,
you'll have your revenge'

no longer on a personal level
you'll be hearing from my lawyer

i stopped reading
to send memes
and twisted my ankle
in a haunted house

i should take drugs
to make me nice
and focused
and successful

now, while i consider myself
reformed,
or perhaps -
well,
reframed

referencing collateral murder
going unnoticed as just
'doing my job'

still, it's easier to think of
sierra nevada
as a universally accepted
'better place'
though i've never been there
but the city name
sounds warm

i could paint the landscapes
of sierra nevada
and label it as
self-care

i'd probably wind up in a hotel
knowing me

winding up
somewhere shitty

my ideal location
is a city
built on a fault line
or
a city that could be swallowed
by it's surrounding body of water

a city that loves baseball and drugs

foggy, raining, indoor cities

even my fantasies
betray me

everything real is
remembered

looking to the whole,
you told me

"maybe"

every moment in detail

technique,
the technical problems
of this style of writing

the practice,
not value

not a problem

are you busy?
can you do me a favor and
describe my face?

it's for a poem i'm working on

dinner reservations?
what time?
we'll decide when we get there
drop our stuff off, go to the gallery

that is why we're going,
after all

i don't want to be envied
i want to be feared
feared?
delete that,
start over

life is too brief
too uncertain

quit job, live cheap, excessive or whatever
read, ride bike, go to the beach, sit on the grass

edit, revise, cut the fact
remove what you don't need,
i mean

i wish i learned the violin when i was younger and more malleable

instead i'm calling everyone "my brother" or "my friend"

i labor over pdfs
with the lakers game on

the indifference of good men

i'm hormonal and i hate a man in uniform
when i yawn i'm bored
i see you on the sidewalk
am confused by
who i could be
was then
who?
things, working differently, glad did not,
now, me shop for lacroix and not drug dead
reminder of good i got, not
transparent umbrella cheap
again, i gotta ask you to stay on your side
of the street

i take your hand or
you take my hand or
you know the names
the natural, the real
the real world where wolves speak
not worth losing a finger so keep
your j'accuse to yourself
sneakers need to be cleaned
maestro, bad master
the landscape, dignified
"we always fail to talk"
about this post-situation understanding
under the volcano
of panic in slow-motion
you exist stretching your legs out
politely shown the door
as it was difficult to find
(apocalypse in hebrew is "gala"
which means "to discover")
i have the proof, you'll have your revenge
the darkness inside you wants to buy a pair of shoes

v for victory
u for you and me
a for after a while you forget it is summer
i'm shaking give me a minute
keep the kindness in your heart
please be avocado toast considerate
i decided to make money
wisdom teeth jealous
dehydrated citrus peeling
flattened meadow i'm guessing
dress blossom printed
bloodless, beyond that
pulling the ink acrosss the fabric
reveals the image
your joan of arc research
asleep during the day
seems weird now checking pockets

classifying,
to classify

21.59cm
27.94cm

by definition
the list will never
be truly finished

the self-portrait in ruins

to disappear,
to make time pass

turning our back on truth

for our purposes
a protest against mourning

given some hint
of good will
or intention

by virtue
or the void of virtue

sure,
we buy fruits
and veggies
that go soft before eating -
because that's just who we are!

i don't want -
uh -
a renaissance -
jouissance -
august green -
amsterdam -
or otherwise!

'obsessed'

re-adjusting
the chair height
to get a better view
of myself in the mirror

time smoothes everything out
like photoshop

key sky gass blue

subscribe to my premium poetry snapchat msn irc icq mind control 1999
gamer girl bathwater holy grailed in late capitalist streetwear make it look
so pretty that it goes away

an elite squad known as the special victims unit. these are their stories.

[narrator: emotional labor is the process of managing feelings and expressions to fulfill the emotional requirements of a job.]

i don't want to move, i like- there's someone crying ;
yeah, i've done bad things in my life, to my family
i can't believe he said that to me

suddenly, you're on medication
suddenly, you're a life coach

it's like, you know -
that's what he said

and, i -
it's not like, once again

let's be honest

i don't have
it's also like

two of the most important people in my life
don't even respect me

like, i'm the fucking idiot
like, i'm a fucking child

i literally do the best that i can
all the time

(break)

there's all this pressure on me
what

what?

it's like,

that's life -
go do something else

it's true,
but it's not the whole truth

it's like -
nobody gets their way

why can't you hear me?
i think i pressed mute on this fucking thing

yeah, forget it - mom, mom?
you know what he does to me

super dramatic but i never read it

it's like -
you know

i can't be controlled

(break)

this is such a joke

(break)

two of the ten times you listen to me
you jump the gun and finish my sentences

these self-help books aren't helping

it's uh,
it's - one of these things

it's that
i subscribe to these unconventional things

i do things my way and

it just doesn't work
or
it works for a moment

i exercise
i'm depressed
i exercise
i'm depressed

eventually

you gotta take control of your fate

(break)

it's because i'm not producing enough serotonin or because what

(pause)

it's about money
isn't it

(end scene)

dry eyed bleak staring
down into the same novel
as yesterday
overhearing gossip details exaggerated

if it weren't for biographical rhetoric
i'd never finish anything

as if
maybe the
shackles of capitalism
were inside us
all along

we can catalog our suffering
as a footnote to
other minor issues

a magnolia
virtual reality
data realism
overcoming of narrative

this is why
god hates postmodernism
god hates instagram
god hates twitter reply guys
god hates algorithmically pleasing poetry

god hates dimitri karakostas,
which is obvious

god wants me to keep smoking
so he can have a new incel in heaven

god likes the fact that i say 'god bless you'
when strangers sneeze on the bus

god and i both agree that 'saved'
is bob dylan's best record

don't tread on me
without enthusiastic consent

i check my privilege
in the wine bar bathroom

hypebeast lookbook grailed falll winter 2019

fuck yeah
i check my box-logo privilege and
it looks good

the beach beyond
the premium snapchat paywall

kamala harris
the cop
tells me to
put brakes on my fixie

bernie tells her
to mind her own business
and we crush a white claw
together

while listening to bob dylan
on 180 gram audiophile vinyl

he says he can tell the difference
i am unsure but agree regardless

ddos the drum circle
the filthy casuals

an hero,
i mean

area 1+51
you + i

4 the lulz

>sous chef at wendy's in tampa, florida

>10.25\$/hr

>31 years young

seeks

gamer girl

i think of porn when my head hurts

porn is advil
or a walk
or rearranging a space
in a desirable manner

i jack off instead
of drinking chamomile tea

that's just the kind of person
i am

loving you is
a hot shower
on a cold day
while you shout at me
from the kitchen
about something i did
or forgot to do

any conclusion i may have com to is probably wrong

the end of modernity began with the collapse of the future

silence as courtesy
not caused by
misapprehension `
directed at a
target both
allowed and
unprotected
"they" (or "you")
making the problem
worse

i write in public so i can be held accountable
to these various people
paying no attention to me -
but if they did, i'd want to look busy

if you read to learn a skill

like credit card fraud or
faking your death

forfeiting time
rather than painting
something black and middle-class

'cancel my subscription,
i've had enough of your issues!'

buying t-shirts off ebay
instead of effectively communicating
how i feel about high-profile writers
stealing from lesser-known-nobodys
or-
well-
there are a few ways to subsidize your earnings
without being malicious
but they're less satisfying
and therefore
less rewarding

i lie about what i mean

nothing comes easy
without a clear methodological reasoning

i tell you i've been busy
working hard -
which is a lie,
which is the point
which is the poem i was telling you about

my work is now the stress of not working enough
on the things i allegedly love

i have my reasons,
like -

uh

instagram,
and googling things,
and getting excited,
and getting distracted

i buy essential oils
and vitamins
lately
because
i'm not sure what's wrong with me

because there must be something wrong with me

there's no other way to explain it

i make more money so i want
my body to work more efficiently so i can keep
making money

which, i will say,
i'm not against

like,
if you want to be a good cyclist,
right,
you have to practice and remain fit,
yes?

ok, so -
with that logic

if i want to keep my apartment
and buy books and records and
dog food and t-shirts
i gotta make more money

are you following?

don't let a white dude
with a wu-tang tattoo
tell you otherwise

wasting time
on the company dime
used to mean
drinking and dulling myself enough
to keep working

or -
watching porn in the staff room before service

or -
arguing with my wife through text message

now i try to read pdfs whenever possible
which doesn't really work, but i try

i mean,
i could always just watch basketball

i rip kale apart and put it in the blender
with orange juice and an anti-depressant

i don't like the taste but that means it must be good for me

my neck
my back
my understanding of the situation is that it will not improve
unless i, myself, improve

that sounds hard
i think i'll watch a supercut compilation
of mortal kombat 11 fatalities
to take my mind off
the crushing weight of existence

'wanna know how i got these scars,
well, i'm the joker baby haha'

and just like that
i fell better already

i take 40\$ out of the atm
and rummage through the trash
looking at other people's transaction receipts
just to make sure i have more money
than someone else

i feel like i'm
'the godfather 3'
in your
sequel-to-the-sequel
love-life-cinematic-universe

i'm nobody's favorite
most people don't understand why i was made
and i don't contribute anything
except as reminder
of a good thing goes bad

the lord giveth
and the lord taketh away

dead-eyed oral sex
giving and receiving
pineapple juice drinking
for her pleasure
from behind or not
catch me staring in the mirror
and looking away quickly
leaving handprints
only
if you'll let me

my utopia tastes like tropical sprite remix

all abracabra's revealed and
it's me!

soft-focused if you'd prefer it

a myopic approach to taking
our sexual endeavor
to another level

curating this particular lovemaking session
to an NPR podcast
with the dignity of a university educated man

i wish to make love like
detonating a biological weapon

that would be different,
don't you think?

face to face
endless infinite jesting
never-ever-ending

i google
'what is the saltiest rock'
after kissing your neck
when you come home from the gym

now you're my halite, baby

how do i relax?
i'm trying to relax and it's not working

my back hurts
with shame in creative endeavors

i stayed self-consciously consistent
with my usage of french idioms
in my english poems

i do this to excuse my
traditional sexual lifestyle

city folk
marvel at the night sky

stars lacking
light pollution

you crane your neck to see
the same sky tomorrow
and the next day
and you stare until
your spine hurts

you take a photo but it doesn't do it justice
even with a slow shutter speed and a high-sensitivity sensor

the image fails to replicate the density of what you're truly seeing

(this is a metaphor, you know)

hoarding fantasy
is so bourgeois

go ahead,
take shakespeare into 2020
by reading it in peter griffin's voice

i set out to compose a list of things
i'd like to talk about with my therapist

on paper,
i don't sound like me at all

on paper,
i'm objectively worse
or better
but either way
i'm lying about it

such descriptions of self
are better reserved for
a much taller man
with two parents
and was hugged
just the right amount

instead of
a man that quotes marx at the wine bar
with an inferiority complex
that scowls when he smiles
and swings his hips as i lip-sync

i bought you
tortillas and cough drops
for valentine's day

i lose service on my cell phone
when i go into the basement
to look at memes in peace
or cough phlegm in the sink

i call you 'pinhead,
my little hellraiser'
but you're more like
freddy kruger
the way you visit me
in my dreams

i'm reworking shakespeare
to make it more 2020 friendly

call that 'titus androgynous'

an independent review would say
'it's a kick in the face of modernity'

i quit smoking
in an unofficial way

i'm allowed to have a few
if my juul dies
or if it's a special event
or if i get too stressed out

so yeah,
i really bettering myself
i've come a long way
that's for sure

my full name
has no middle name

i tell myself 'no'
so i can tell you 'yes'

a new york yankees hat
or rather
what it represents

numerology,
meaning nothing

no big chances
tv, radio, and sleep
for my neoliberal ideology

underwear and sports bras
and holistic healing books

brown now bottles
formerly holding green juice
a novel like jest
a novel like nightwood

with new
retellings of truth
in fictional encounters

i do not wish to be misleading
but as far as i'm concerned
i'm a six foot six former sports star
with more money than he needs
instead of a workaholic capricorn
that complains
that his knees hurt when it rains

in remembrance of thing's past

red lipstick, limewire, kazaa

it's not porn, it's marketing
fashion, photo
the big difference being the intention
is it not intended to be masturbated to?
the original purpose is to sell perfume?

even though i definitely masturbated
to sears catalogs
15-14-13

write what you know
write about your experiences -
i woke up and rode my stationary bike, masturbated, showered, continued
looking at porn out of curiosity, ate a burrito with my wife, and went to the
book store.

everything made obvious:
that's the whole problem with poetry.

pretending beauty like running downhill in january
in slush and ice and your lungs hurt from the cold

you haven't been drinking
or that's what you've been saying

one guinness while you were supposed to read but didn't
you got distracted talking to half-friend bartender
about how hard our work is
and how unappreciated we are

one glass of sparkling wine while you wait for your dinner date
and 3/2 a bottle of white wine with duck breast and brussels sprouts

a shot of fernet as a polite gesture
a shot of chartruese before leaving

not so pretty, but it's poetry
right?

i did a pretty good job quitting smoking,
but i think i gotta take it back up

i used to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes
for two meals a day
like that is 'a good idea'
or something

now caffeine gives me the jitters
and smoking makes my back hurt
i guess that's where my lungs are

i don't know if these symptoms are real
or if i'm just making them up

my mom was a hypochondriac
that refused to go to the doctor

my suffering is psychosomatic
and i refused to go to the doctor

totally different

writing this is making me anxious
i should probably have a cigarette

i think of how i describe you
when i write about you
and you
don't even realize
i'm talking about you
when you
read it

the second most depressed i've ever been
resulted in being too stressed out to leave the house
and getting the food delivery courier to leave
a single burrito on my doorstep
twice a day

me,
putting on
joker.2019.hd.rip.xify.avi
on my 15" macbook pro
with my eye on the bedroom door
as
an alt-right incel with an ar15-
or fox media loss prevention
or the ccra
or a customer representative from my internet provider
could burst through
at any time
or such is my understanding
of the situation

merit through suffering

modigliani
woman with the blue eyes
painting that talked and said
"you'll regret it for the rest of your life"

cocaine sommelier
the reporter
who's holding
who has the good stuff

higher than i think is safe

hair and beard and everything
bad

'nothing is true,
everything is permitted.'

i guess so / i hope so

nothing like y2k
marketing strategy gone feral

semi-familiar missions
and duties

my dreams are all rooted
in awful life truths

mirrors of meaningless involvement

fuck
i fucked up
my uber eats order
and forgot to order roti
with my rice
and paneer

my disappointment is immeasurable
and my day is ruined

i instant coffee
my morning in silence
and take my
vitamin b12,
c, and d
with the dog
at at my feet

like everyday
we do the same thing

i let her out the back door to pee
and i check my algorithmically
suggested
pornhub.com
selections
on my iphone
half asleep

just to get that testosterone going
you know

get that blood flowing
and go for a run
with a mind full
of anime thighs

how to slow the information cycle
in new air max 95's

using a
burner celly
or buy an iphone in cash
off craigslist

with a pay as you go
sim card

create a perfect plan
until a loud australian
with a man bun
wearing shorts in the winter
breaks your concentration

insurance.aes256

should the proof reveal itself as
being spectacular

a coffee stain that resembles
mother mary magdalene
if you squint

webmd says
weird discolored bruise like spot
under my eye
is cancer
and i should probably
see a licensed medical professional

i close the tab and google
david lynch transcendental meditation
tips and tricks

sorry
food tv makes me cringe

thinking of the grand revelation
of nashville hot chicken
to a mom in des moines

sorry
even bordain is now boring
bad-ass-beer-drinking-man-eating-blood-and-guts
didn't age well

maybe it was never that cool

i can't accept a rich dude's humble brags
in a stain-free white linen shirt
on the frontier of extreme dining

you're still a tourist
no matter how many drugs you did
in new york
in the 90's
and
tourists suck

a single man, a bartender
tries to impress his tinder date
by ordering obnoxious drinks

i watch him
"oh, you've never had this?"
his way out of some pussy

(his hat is awful too)

me, i'm chillin

just having a frappucino
listening to nightcore on my airpods

monitoring the likes on my
c-d-g fit hashtag o o t d

that wine bar has some cool
pet-nat we could check out

maybe get a charcuterie board

in case this works

no calls
just text

come help me take my carhartt overalls off
i don't know what i'm doing

command-z me
please

nothing stops me from talking to dead people in my sleep!

the thing about having a dedicated sleep disorder
is you're dedicated to it! right?
you think about it all day!

i love the calm now
i'm a godspeed you
coney island
of the mind
kind of guy

me
contest the totality
complete self-destruction
le desordre c'est moi
chaos is me

all the watches stop when the first brick was thrown

physical evidence in the story

no more drugs!
no more drugs!

as i google
alternatives to dexedrine

no more drugs!

i wonder if i could get
generic sildenafil shipped to
a p.o. box

ok, no more drugs!
i'm just going to take two of
my wife's adderall

she won't notice

but i can't do drugs
again

mneme,
remembrance + memory

duck culture, where everything is effortless
workaholic culture, where you grind or die

duck syndrome, where the sufferer looks calm on a superficial level while,
in reality, they are frantically trying to keep up with the demands of their
life.

a lock of human hair, a half-smoked cigar, an arcane torture device
a smile, bubble wrap, a dinosaur egg

you just never know

a pill for work and play
a painkiller favorite for recreational use

A2 samples the headhunters' 'here and now'

lindbergh's goggles, custer's coat
lincoln's bloodstained collar
napoleon's severed penis

CEO of a dumpster fire
cyanide suicide

an administrative action function
anti-state, egalitarian views on work and social emancipation

corporate housekeeping

how to be happy, how to be better

dreaming of glory in the massacre

target-oriented
tough love

akin to an instance of religious grace

a long, complicated story
in a world of moral upheaval
sending bombs in a mailer of irony and understatement

linear reading,
reading from front to back

to be conned
as a form of cultural engagement

oj simpson, timothy mcveigh, bill clinton
trade-paperback fiction

what do you get? what do you even want?
a clean up as self-promotion

semantic drift, semantic change, semantic progression, semantic
development, semantic shift

the fiction thief at the paranoid school
but his edgy manner has nothing to do with anxiety

tasting disaster
hot party girl borderline

she drinks tea
from a bowl
like they do in france

it drives me crazy

we're not in france,
use a cup

or whatever

a conversation exchanged
through bulletproof glass
with three small dots between us

"arrest that doctor,"

law and order: svu
on amazon prime tv
on a ps4

"arrest that doctor for forging prescriptions"

i look up from reading sontag
and snorting your adderall

"damn, that's crazy"

tell me who you think i am
and that's what you'll get
from me

i do not want to catch up
over drinks
i want to read and
be quiet

i laugh the loudest
i'm always ready to share
because
if one of us wins,
then we all win

all the artists
even the punk ones
wear air jordans
too

why the fuck do i want to paint
if i also want the world to end

who are you pretending to be
no, not really

cruelty, in it's purest form,
seems like the most authentic emotion
no?

ambiguity, maybe?

la scandaleuse
the scandalous one

anemic on the beach
tired and weak

fidgety and cold
in an airplane seat

that's awful
that's the point
that's not the way
i do things

the horns of jericho ringing
until my cell phone buzzing plucks me
from this fantasy

do you like board games?
ricky kasso and the acid killings?

the feeling of everything being humiliating

i'd like three weeks off work
i'd like a million dollars

i'd like 3-2 thousand bucks and a weekend of rest

my goals are realistic and attainable
but - like most goals - achieving it isn't enough

the goal is replaced by a new goal

suddenly,
everyone is self-employed

desire

control

books

x

2020